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MY ADOPTED COUNTRY:

A POEM,

IN THREE PARTS.

Part I.—Freedom's Power.
Part II.—The Emigrant.
Part III.—Life in the West.

MAN is mankind, of but one family;
The earth his country—that should e'er be free
For all to roam o'er; no dividing line
Miscalled a country, should his rights confine.
No varied creed should e'er his mind annoy,
As but one heaven can mankind enjoy;
By creed alone we ne'er shall bliss acquire,
Unless with truth. As Empyrean fire
Illumes the world, will truthful action save
Mankind from evil, e'en beyond the grave.

BY GEORGE ROGERS.

NEW YORK:
J. C. RIKER, 129 FULTON ST.

1851.

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INTRODUCTION.

Lives there a hope within my inmost breast
Of future happiness, howe'er imprest?
If I desire for all, as should all men,
The greatest good to all, why should my pen
Withhold that hope, or rather not express
What I desire that all men should possess?
Why should I, when by God and Nature taught,
If not quite classic, not give vent to thought?
Opposed to thraldom, why should I forbear
To spread my thoughts, that fellow-men may share?
For if I think, however strange it seems,
These may man benefit—though such, as dreams,
May prove fallacious—not what I desire—
Still I attention crave, as I aspire
To aid my fellow-men, and nobly strive,
Grateful for freedom, under which I thrive.
Oft lowly plants their fragrance spread around
Mute thanks to him who tills the garden ground.
With me, I hope all men may yet be free;
Each the vine cheer, beneath his own fig-tree;
Blest Freedom's banner proudly brave the breeze
In free-trade vessels, sailing o'er all seas;

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Our country ever leading in the van—
The welfare, bliss, and liberties, of man:
Her precepts truthful, purely carried out
In bold relief by practice. Nor without
Can we be to mankind the guiding star,
Upholding peace and censuring evil war.
Thus do I hope all nations will attain
The rule republic—monarchs cease to reign.

If my self-taught ideas, as mirror bright,
  Should cause reflection in a stronger mind,
By such reflection evil set aright
  Or wrong amended—as crude drug refined
By art relieves disease—should they do this,
A life of labor is repaid by bliss.

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DEDICATION.

My one design in the first outline of "My Adopted Country" was, to dedicate the poem to a kind and worthy friend; who, however, on its completion, declined the proffered meed of grateful friendship. He is one whom I have known many years; in whose society I have passed many happy hours; of whose tried and disinterested friendship I have had sufficient proofs in the fullest acceptation of the term; one whose sympathies for human suffering and wrong are in accordance with my own. To whom, then, shall I turn, but to my adopted brethren in America by birth?

Land of my adoption, I love you; I venerate the memory of your Washington, and admire the spirit of those liberal institutions that have extended to thousands of foreigners like myself, "strangers in a strange land," the full measure of their hospitality. But, alas for the honor of human nature! it has been too much the practice of foreign writers with pens dipped in verjuice—"the Halls and the Trollopes" of perverted truth—to assail you in the villany of falsehood. These could but convey, as do the bitter fruits of nature, or putrescence of disease, the acrimony of the one and the decay of the

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other; or, like the thief in the garb of an honest man, who, introduced to a kind and generous host, robs him upon the first opportunity—and worse than the base, tithe-souled pilferer: for he

"Who steals my purse, steals trash."

Such, then, has been too often the ingrate return for the kind treatment extended toward themselves and their less-fortunate countrymen. Such conduct I have often deplored, and as often the tinge of shame has mantled o'er my cheek, that such base revilers should have been born on my native soil!

Then, though feeling the want of power in my pen, I at last summoned resolution to give "the lie to slander, and to bear witness to the truth." Therefore it is I dedicate this Poem to my "Fellow-Men," not forgetting my worthy friend. A memento, with remarks, is appended to the Dedication, which may "serve to point a moral," if not "adorn a tale."

G. R.

New York, *May*, 1851.

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MY WORTHY FRIEND:

THE GEM OF MEMORY.

My worthy friend is one I love to name;
Who, throughout life, has ever been the same:
As truthful magnet pointing to the pole,
His friendly sympathy ne'er knew control.
When scorn or malice, as the viper's dart
Of wicked slanderers, has pierced my heart,—
When gall and wormwood tales have whispered been,
Or foully breathed—as rottenness within
Impurity begets—ah! who has then
Repelled such slander? why the best of men!
One whom I love to name—my worthy friend—
One whom I'll love till life attains its end.

When sad reverse of fortune made me poor,
He shared my sorrows while I shared his store;
Within his friendly cot the past surveyed,
Reviewed its errors, and new plans were made,
But then, too oft are resolutions weak,
In place of joys, they sorrows sad bespeak.
Bowed down with grief, my shattered nerves gave way,
Thus calling friendship's powers into play;
For my kind friend—my true, my worthy friend,

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Did unto each and all my wants attend.
If brooding o'er the ills I'd undergone
From misplaced confidence, I felt forlorn,
Would soothe my mind with kind persuasion's balm,
The future spoke of, o'er it threw a charm;
Telling, the storm must needs give place to calm,
Thus chasing from my breast each dire alarm.
And when my weakened frame, as a strained bow
From tension breaks, with fever laid me low —
When, racked with anguish, and death seeming nigh,
He joined my prayers and echoed back each sigh;
And when the fever left me, hymned in praise
Of Him above, preserver of my days.
E'en while in feeble health, regaining strength,
He kindly tended, watching oft by stealth;
And as I stronger grew, would gently aid
My tottering steps to where the greenwood shade
Might shield me from the sunbeams, as my frame
Its mid-day heat with fever might inflame:
And if the skies foreshadowed cold or storm,
He wrapped his cloak around to keep me warm,
And when, as oft I've said how kind of you,
He would reply, "Would you not do so too,
If I was as you are? I'm sure you would."
Then would I cry, oh! that all men were good,
What griefs would be as pleasures; for to me
Those days of pain are *Gems of Memory!*

As years flew on, remingling with the world
Of busy commerce, fortune soon unfurled
Her prosperous flag; each effort to attain

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A new estate, was quickly met by gain.
Divinely taught, pure love in Fidé's bowers,
Refreshed and strengthened by reverse's showers—
Well warmed my heart at friendship's altar fire,
My bosom heaved with fond, humane desire;
I sought by deeds to gladden, as rare flowers
Charm with their fragrance, my declining hours,
By kindly aiding those oppressed by need,
Became the friend that is "a friend indeed."
Pained is the heart with sympathy allied,
That throbs to aid distress, alas! of means denied.

Now, near the ebb of life, my friend and I
Near neighbors are; nor does a day pass by
But that we meet; as oft renew the theme
Of bygone years—the passage of life's stream.
We too discourse, as in old age we ought,
(Like seaman, nearing to his destined port,
In hopes to reach it, shuns the rocks and shoals),
Of future bliss pertaining unto souls.
By prayer and alms we seek such bliss to gain,
Thus of past errors to redeem their stain.

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MY WORTHY FRIEND.

As an accompaniment to the poem of my worthy friend, I will in poetic prose make a few remarks.

Friendship may well be termed "the poetry of life," elevating as it does the stricken, sorrowed spirit!—like a mineral spring of rare powers, strengthening anew the enervated frame. Friendship! thou charm and sacred talisman of the heart; thou containest the concentrated excellences of humanity, sweetly soothing all the sorrows of adversity. Brightest gleam of the soul's sunshine! appearing as a welcome strip of heavenly blue to the storm-wrapped mariner. Ay, tuneful indeed are the responsive pulsations of a friendly heart in the dark and cloudy hour of need.

> Without thee, Friendship, life's sad vale of tears
> Would be as sea on which no isle appears:
> Life's mooring-ground art thou; with thee as port,
> The storms of life may well be set at naught.

And what is this life? A passage through a valley of far extent, that, dotted with vegetation, exhibits anon rank and poisonous weeds, encumbering the wayfarer's path, affecting his health, and weakening his mind—weeds that, like the vile wretch who, "preying as the shark of the deep waters," lives but to batten upon his

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fellow-men! Occasionally, the sweet and grateful herb, with its healing balm, as the kind and humane action of a virtuous heart, cheers man as he traverses the tangled labyrinths or pleasantly courses o'er the flowery meads. Even as the oasis or stream of the desert, whereat the thirsty Arab moistens his parched lips and gratifies his appetite, as if with nectar from above, we at times behold the charming flower, whose grateful aroma and resplendent hues embody the sublime, as the truthfulness of friendship in humanity—"the light of heaven upon earth."

Do not, then, think my picture too highly colored; for I have, in truth, met in life with such good beings, the memory of whom strengthens the pulsations of my heart. And as I dwell upon the graces of humanity, sweet thoughts come sweeping as a delightful incense o'er my senses. It is thus that, in gazing on fine scenery, that charms with its variety, we pause not to search for minor defects; but, filled with rapture, we exclaim, "How beautiful!"

Then should we ever remember that we are all—the erect and the deformed, the talented and the imbecile—of one parentage; that the Almighty Power, in its wisdom, has diversified the capacities of man, each forming a portion of one great whole; and that while individually, by precept and example, we should uphold virtuous action, we should ever be slow in anger to condemn the less-wise or unfortunate beings, and be ever ready to assist humanity in its infirmities—

E'er to soothe a sorrow—ne'er to virtue blind.

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HERE is a land I love, Columbia dear,
Where man his fellow-man need never fear;
The laws abiding which do mete to all,
Justice and equal rights; no thraldom's pall
Casts here its shadow, as the upas-tree,
To poison life, by stifling liberty.
Here soars the eagle upward to the sky,
Nor clipped, nor shorn of thee, blest liberty.

May curses blight the hand which throws a brand,
To disunite this compact great and grand,
Surpassing all that e'er the world has seen,
A nation governing self, nor king, nor queen,
Nor peer, or any other puppet creature,
Can e'er deface of liberty a feature.

May nations seek thy fraternizing hand,
Till all the world shall be but as a band
Of brothers linked in friendship's tight embrace,
And blessèd freedom cover earth's broad space.

WASHINGTON CROWNED.

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PART I.

FREEDOM'S BOWER.

WHEN vile misrule bedimmed the skies,
And Freedom's plant had ceased to flower,
A *meteor* bright was seen to rise,
That gloom dispelled; its godlike power
Restored the plant for e'er to bloom,
And spread its tendrils o'er the land!
Thus Freedom's home, in sweet perfume,
Is as a Bower for all mankind.

Thou meteor, WASHINGTON, as light Divine,
Thy deeds of virtue will for ever shine.

To thee, blest country—to thee as a shrine
Sacred to freedom—praise be ever thine!
To thee shall distant lands, as offerings,
Send to thy shores rich gems that now are kings',
To gild thy wreath of glory; minds as bright
As purest diamonds shall lend thee their light.
Shelley and Byron have for future time
Foretold thy glories—brilliant and sublime.
And lesser minds illumed with heavenly fire
Have gleamed to heighten thy bright-altar fire;
As least of all, with grateful heart, I bring
My simple lay; as bird though small may sing,
If that its virtue might be of avail
To add one spark, it would my heart regale—

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Columbia, my country; happy land,
A bond of union, sublime and grand,
In holy brotherhood, a compact band!
Oh, may such compact for all ages stand
As signal-tower, or beacon blaze of light,
To guide the course of other lands aright;
May its effulgence ever brightly beam,
A kind benignant star "o'er life's dull stream."

Happy my task! for thou'rt the noblest theme
The mind can dwell upon; thy glory's gleam
Lights up my soul, my ardent muse inspires,
To climb Parnassus, aided by its fires.
So with the energy of virtue's flame
Or everlasting fire, though both the same
Emblems of purity, I choose to trace,
Thy high attainments, great and happy race,
Thy early acts of valor 'bove compare;
Thy patriot fathers' gallantry holds dear,
Whose proud success your fellow-men all cheer;
Thy virtuous matrons, who in history shine
Sacred to memory, as the hallowed shrine
That doth entomb the form of thy loved son,
Phœnix of freedom, the great Washington.
E'en at the mention of that honored name,
My heart expands as lit with sacred flame;
And now my pen shall trace the thoughts which burn
Within my breast, a tribute to his urn;
Though if my pen were dipped in gold refined
'T would not portray the lustre of his mind.

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As on the vision with a sunlike force
Glares the bright comet in its vivid course,
Does his pure conduct strike upon the mind,
His heart impressed with love of human kind;
Full as o'erflowing cup, his generous soul
Discarding items, rested on the whole.
Is aught above more beautiful than this?
If so, I've yet to learn what's really bliss.
Can aught come nearer pure celestial joy,
Ethereal pleasures that can never cloy?
If not to feel for others as ourselves
Is bliss, why, virtues then, as fabled elves,
Or lighter fairies, vanish into air,
And what we think is dark doth light appear;
All that is really grand or e'en sublime,
Would be reversed for e'er through future time.

George Washington! all honor to thy name,
Shall e'er be sounded by the trump of fame;
Myriads of tongues, in terms of grateful praise,
Shall with accord their joyful pæans raise;
Successive generations join the song
And hymn the glories that to thee belong;
Thy wreath of fame shall e'er its green leaves wave
Blessed by the breath of each poor fettered slave.

Hail to thee, Washington! thy truthful course
For all mankind displayed its moral force;
As heavenly light radiates from above,
Did thy high virtues fill mankind with love.
For on thee and thy deeds, the eyes of all

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Gazed with intenseness, and when death's dim pall
Thy honored frame received, to deck thy bier
From prince and peasant dropped a manly tear.

Hail to thee, Washington! thy truthful course
Was pure as streamlet from its rocky source;
That coursing freely, undisturbed by surge,
Like to thy mind, which passion could not urge
To deeds to mar its worth, or course derange,
Emblem of truth, which naught can ever change.
As tranquil stream, translucent as the sky,
Whose azure bright is pledge of purity:
O Washington! how justly I may deem
Thy truthful life, as nature's *purest* stream.

Hail to thee, Washington! thy truthful course
'Mid war's alarms with spirit showed its force,
And when thy country, freed from foreign foes,
Upon her well-earned laurels sought repose,
You as a Cincinnatus tilled the earth
From which your grateful country called you forth
With a united voice, from dale and hill,
The highest office in her gift to fill;
Conscious that him who oft to victory
Had led her troops, would gild her history
By lustrous acts of wisdom and of truth,
A bright example to her future youth.
You left your sunny fields and flowery meads,
Your home, your garden, cattle, and your steeds;
Gave up retirement blest, but not for pelf,
'T was that you loved your country more than self:—

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Her sons, as children with a parent's care
You guarded, and they bless your memory dear.
So, Father of your Country, e'er shall be
Thy title—prouder far than "Majesty."
How well performed your duties, history tells;
And Freedom's tablets, as loud-sounding bells,
With never-dying echoes, shall proclaim
In sweetest harmony thy reverent name.

Tranquil thou sleepest; but thy spirit blest
Breathes o'er the world, where Liberty finds rest:
Tranquil thou sleepest; but thy spirit soars—
A beacon to th' oppressed of other shores.
Columbia's glory! sun of Freedom thou!
The wreath of Fame ne'er graced a nobler brow!

In early life, how oft a summer's cloud
Throws blight on pleasure, as th' appalling shroud
Affrights the sense—as o'er the dismal bier,
Steeped in deep grief, we shed the sorrowing tear!
Though o'er the blest forms of virtuous dead
We can, or should have, but few tears to shed—
Through life exempt from vice, their conscience clear,
Death had no terrors and the soul no fear,
Calmly reposing—their past days serene—
A grateful country keeps their memory green.
Pens touched by spark electric, in an age
Could not record their virtues on this page.
As brightest stars, the memories of good men
E'er guide posterity, and wrong contemn.

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Green wave the laurels o'er the mighty dead!
Since GOLDSMITH wrote, but a few years have fled:
In those few years have many changes been;
In those few years, thank God, how changed the scene!
Time lifts its curtain, as when vapors rise
At early dawn, disclosing midday skies;
E'en so an evil which to-day we deem,
May as a blessing on the morrow seem.
(1) These then wild shores, that filled him with dismay,
Whose many terrors woke his tuneful lay—
A land he viewed as if by upas bound,
No longer is so, but as golden ground,
Whose girth is freedom, uncontrolled by king
Or impious rank, as he was wont to sing;
Its fruitful soil now teems with Ceres' wealth;
Meandering streams diffuse the land with health;
Nor sedges choke their banks, nor shiv'ring age
Compulsive creeps to aid expiring days.
Neat homesteads line the banks of either shore,
Their doors unlatched—can man desire more?
Its people are, as man should ever be,
In union bound, enriched by liberty.
These blessings, which they one and all enjoy,
To others they extend—thus swell their joy.
O shade of GOLDSMITH! couldst thou tread again
The world you honored, and see Freedom reign
Over this land, how great would be thy bliss
To know the mass exist 'mid happiness;
That thy "deserted village" rose again
'Mid Freedom's blessings, o'er the western main;
Thy weary traveller's scenes of danger past,

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Found in this land a peaceful home at last;
And, filled with rapture, all around him sees
A people blest with labor's meed and ease!
His soul, made happy with terrestrial rest,
Engarners bliss to see his fellows blest.
How proud had been thy heart to know that they
In time of famine, misery, and decay,
As if in grateful homage to your worth,
Had fed the land that gave a GOLDSMITH birth!
Whose heart, as space unbounded, beat for all,
And o'er whose grave mankind the tear let fall.

(2) "Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"
Thy native charms and beauties urge my strain.
As Sol the horizon gilds at parting day,
So doth thy blissful state adorn my lay;
Like simple truth, like lustrous light, its rays
Do ever thus begild our passing days.
Be thine, sweet Auburn—prototype by name
With Goldsmith's village, which portrayed the shame
Of vile misrule—be thine, sweet Auburn, thine
E'er the reverse; such prayer shall e'er be mine:
And as Owasco's stream may calmly glide
Thy population on Time's lasting tide,
So, freed from despot thraldom, never be
By them deserted—seeking 'yond the sea
Another home. O may such scenes be past,
And may thy blissful state for ever last!

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"
In memory sweet I view thee once again;

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Recall thy peaceful homes, thy lofty spires,
That fill the Christian mind with high desires;
Thy busy streets, the bustling hum of trade,
Adjacent scenery, and rural shade;
Thy massive school-piles, where the youth are taught
A love of freedom—minds with knowledge fraught;
Thy generous homes provided for the poor,
Which having, need not beg from door to door.
"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"
Thy deeds are charity, which lessen pain.
Among thy glories, Auburn, none more bright
Than thy stateprison, whose imprisoned height
Does, as the might of truth, in bold relief
Seem tender Pity weeping over Grief.
For the unfortunate as well as vile
Are duly cared for, and their *thoughts* beguile
By acts of industry. Thus all acquire
An honest trade, by which they oft aspire
To truthful action; thus the past regain
For him who would remove dishonor's stain.

"'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,"
And distance magnifies dread horrors too:
As hopeless wretches who the past review,
Fill up their minds with fears of future wo.
Sweetly has CAMPBELL sung Columbia's charms,
Though pained the tender reader with alarms;
His plaintive "Wyoming," based upon truth,
Portrayed the weakness of a nation's youth:
That youth, as youth e'er gathers strength with age,
By acts of valor graces history's page:

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That nation now, as giant o'er the land,
From sea to sea extends its either hand;
From broad Atlantic to Pacific's strand,
Its people roam a free, united band.

Thou, master-mind, great Shelley! prophesied
The time would come when man to man allied
As endless chain, or as the Milky Way,
He should illume; no more the earth beray;
Nor changed, unchanging throughout time be wise—
The earth become once more a paradise.
Thy spirit pure, great SHELLEY! as is space,
(3) Disdained, as poet-laureate, to trace
The crimes of monarchy in silken verse—
Thy love of freedom made thy language terse.
Free e'er to think, as freely didst thou say—
"Hail, land of Freedom! blest America!"
Let Scandal breathe the dragon's fetid breath,
Its poison ne'er can stain thy laurelled wreath:
Let envy, malice, as the viper's sting,
Assail thy memory—I thy praise will sing:
Let mock-religionists, for purpose vile,
Deny thy truths—they bite against a file!
As files, shall future generations find,
Such cut the bonds that e'er have bound mankind.

Ever the heart to its first love returns;
So I, in thought, this moment think of BURNS,
Whose sweet-toned minstrelsy my schoolboy mind
Absorbed as precept for a love of kind.
Thus BYRON, SHELLEY, BURNS, and many others,

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Who wrote for liberty, I mourn as brothers;
Their mem'ries cherish, while my heart doth yearn
In the same cause to mingle in their urn—
That from my ashes might my mem'ry rise
As phœnix soaring unto azure skies;
Thoughts, pure in spirit, truth to man impart,
Enkindling kind emotions in the heart—
Warming its sympathies, e'er prototype,
To faithful action as Daguerreotype!

So may each nation, wisely taught by thee,
Promethean land become, as thou art—FREE.

Blest Freedom's bower by zephyrs kind
  Shall waft the pollen from its flowers
O'er ocean wide, to bless mankind,
  And cheer each land as genial showers.
So shall each land, as Freedom's bower,
  Be "native land"—all men may share:
Thus thraldom foul, as fallen tower,
  No more its head, like hydra, rear!

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NOTES TO FREEDOM'S BOWER.

(1) *These then wild shores that filled him with dismay.*

In view of the lamentations of Oliver Goldsmith over the misfortunes of his countrymen, what, we may suppose, would have been his emotions could he for one moment have imagined that the evils he so plaintively bewailed and supposed the emigrant to America at that day to be subject to, were but as the transitory summer's shower that quickly gives place to sunshine and gladness; that the desert, with its reported horrors, was the promised land of scripture, flowing with milk and honey, and as such would become the happy home of thousands of his countrymen.

Though the sorrows of his countrymen are not entirely removed, how very many of the horrors of their past state of life have been, since his lifetime, ameliorated! Political equality has been in a great degree arrived at, an advancement in the freedom of trade with other nations attained, with present and further prospective advantages from the discoveries of science. Add to this a liberal system of education, and the abolishment of imprisonment for debt, as well as many humane alterations in criminal jurisprudence.

Beautiful temperament of disposition and kindliness of heart were thine, O Goldsmith! The very letter to thy brother on the worldly necessity of inculcating sordidness, was but an additional proof that you bewailed the need of personal selfishness; and one can not doubt but that you felt that the pleasure of doing good incurred, at least in your own breast, a higher degree of happiness than the possession of coffers of hoarded gold. A liberal disposition confers benefits, as a Godhead elevates humanity, and extends a cheering influence over society at large.

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(2) *Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!*
Thy native charms and beauties urge my strain.

AUBURN, present capital of Cayuga county, New York, 154 miles west of Albany. It was taken from Aurelias township in 1823. Owasco lake touches its southeast corner, by the outlet of which it is watered, and which affords good water-power. This is a small town, including only the chartered limits of the village. Auburn is one of the most flourishing villages in the state, and is situated on the outlet of Owasco lake. It is not very regularly laid out, but the streets are spacious, and many of the buildings are large and elegant; it contains a courthouse, jail, county-clerk's office, two banks, the Auburn academy, the Auburn female seminary, seven churches (two presbyterian, one methodist, one baptist, one episcopal, one universalist, and one Roman catholic), sixty stores, one woollen factory, one cotton factory, four flouring-mills, two saw-mills, three furnaces, one brewery, one distillery, four printing-offices, one college (50 students), two academies (250 students), nine schools (740 scholars). Population, about seven thousand. The great western line of railroads passes through the place.

A stateprison is located here which is regarded as a model for such institutions. The enclosure forms a square five hundred feet on each side, surrounded by a stone wall two thousand feet long, and from sixteen to forty feet high.

The Owasco outlet passes directly along the outside of the wall, and moves machinery within the prison. The buildings form three sides of a square, the front of which is 276 feet long, and the wings 242 feet long and 45 feet high. The main building faces to the east. The north wing is divided into solitary cells and a hospital, and the south wing into walks. Between the wings are an area of grass and gravelled walks. To the west of this is the interior yard, surrounded with workshops, which are built against the outer wall. In the front part of the main building are the residence of the keeper and offices for the clerk and agent. The prisoners labor together when employed, and when not employed are confined in solitary cells.

M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.

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(3) *Disdained, as poet-laureate, to trace*
The crimes of monarchy in silken verse.

What is a poet?
Nature's purest child,
Whose mind with brilliant thoughts is stored,
As is the mine of untold wealth — enriched
By many a lustrous gem! as flowery bed,
Whose rare and beauteous hues with rich perfume
Conjoin the sense to charm and raise the mind.
His fancy's space, in which he loves to roam,
In unchecked pride and strength, scans all the world —
Hears music in the winds, and purest gold
Sees molten in the clouds at setting sun;
Views as it were ethereal forms above,
And marks their action, while into his ears
They, as blest angels, whisper. Tunefully
His heart doth beat to aid his fellow-kind,
Prometheus-like, to unfold the rights of man;
And as he treads a path oft trod before,
A pensive wanderer in the woodland wild,
On pebbly beach, or glassy river-side —
Communes with other lands, recites with Death
Anon, again is prattling with the child;
Talks with the storm, and gives a reason why
The ills of life are like a troubled sky:
As skilful artist doth his colors blend,
To charm the eye and Nature's truth extend.
At times he dwells with pain upon the woes
That kingly tyrants force on fellow-man,
And dips his pen in mental fire. Its throes
Write living words as "hand upon the wall,"
Which, in old time, Belshazzar did amaze;
Makes despots tremble and reform their ways.
His is the might of mind that gilds the age —
Illumes for e'er man's intellectual page!

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PART II.

THE EMIGRANT.

"My native land!" "*Mon pays!*" "*Mein vaterland!*"
How oft have tears at parting dewed thy strand!
"My God!" "*Mon Dieu!*" "*Mein Gott!*" how often sighed
By the poor emigrants at ocean tide,
When sad adieus have sorrowed on the lips,
Embarking from their native land in ships—
To seek, perhaps for e'er, in other lands,
At the dear cost of blest affection's bands,
The home denied them in their land of birth.
As men cast out—as things of little worth—
As wounded deer drove forth from 'mid the herd—
The poor are thrust, whose voice can not be heard
In self-protection; for the bonds of pelf
Control the laws—those laws controlled by self.
Poor shiftless wanderers forced from home to flee,
Oh! vile misrule what woes are caused by thee!
Home and its idols—all are left behind,
A path to pioneer to realms more kind.

In my mind's fancy, I can see the tear
Trickle down either cheek of yonder pair;
Each bending frame an honored age portrays,
And time-worn garments tell of better days,

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But now, alas! their sands of life near run,
Parting, perhaps for ever from their son;—
He too an only one, the last of three,
The treasured treasure of their misery,—
For ne'er a phase of life but has its gems,
Whose rays shed happiness as diadems,
Cornelia's jewels would as brightly shine
Within the cot as in a palace fine.
But hark! that son is whispering words of hope,
With fond endearments, giving language scope,
And see the tears, that just now quickly fell,
Drop slowly, as the faintly-tolling bell!
"Dear father! mother! cease these tears I pray,
You know I'm going to America,
That glorious land of freedom and of truth,
That glorious land, a mentor in its youth;
That glorious land where all alike are one,
For ever hallowed by George Washington;
Who, meteor-like, dispelled gloom from the land,
Trained freedom's plant as bower for mankind.
Thither I go, from tyranny I flee,
To breathe the air of freedom with the free;
Amid its people, generous and kind,
Food and employment I am sure to find
And justly paid for, as the *people* reign,
Instead of *one*, they all are sovereign.
The masses ruling, justice is unbought—
Millions for freedom, but for tribute nought.
Thither I go, yet leave a grief behind,
'T is you, my parents, who have e'er been kind;
Yet do I hope by labor to attain

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Wherewith to bring you o'er the western main,
There reunited, days of sorrow past,
Bliss shall attend life's evening at the last."
Their tears have ceased, they gaze with upturned eyes
As if they read the future in the skies.

E'en too the blushing maid, about to part
With the loved form engraven on her heart,
Is here, 'mong others, to take fond farewell
Of him she loves, as if funereal knell
Had the ears stricken, mournful sobs resound,
Grate on the sense, and moisten e'en the ground,
But as their eyesight roams the landscape o'er,
In search of those they love, who may no more
By them again be seen, aloft they see
The flag, whose stars and stripes o'er ev'ry sea
Do proudly sail, they seem to find relief,
As if the flag had soothed them in their grief.
Thou freedom's flag! blest banner, may'st thou e'er
Float with the breeze, thy country's history cheer.

"All hands aboard," in voice, as stentor loud,
By mate or captain, warns the assembled crowd—
Who, gladly ling'ring, bid their friends adieu,
Oft and again those fond farewells renew,
Nor cease their greetings till afar from shore,
Their sobbing voices can be heard no more;
E'en then they strive by 'kerchiefs waved on high,
To glance adieus from each diverging eye.
The ship sails on her course, while homeward they
She left behind, pursue their pensive way.

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A few short months pass o'er, with thrift and care
They with their friends their thrifty earnings share.
E'en so, and oft I know, so truly tell,
Such meetings, merry as a "marriage-bell,"
Have friends rejoined their friends cross ocean wave,
To mingle with each other in one grave;
Through life to aid, and loving, cheer each other
As man should ever be to man a brother;
'T is thou, Columbia, strength'neth nature's chain,
Whose links extended cross from main to main;
So may thy banner e'er remain unfurled,
Till freedom's stream circumfluents the world.

I'll now, as when a passenger was I,
Renew the theme, nor heedlessly pass by
The perils all encounter as they sail
Upon the broad Atlantic. Calm and gale
Shall both alike be pictured to the sense,
Though unto seamanship make no pretence,
Preferring rather to detail the woes
Caused by foul tyranny, and wrong disclose;
In that the human heart, as gallant craft
When soundly built and found afore and aft,
Will bravely live 'mid storms and tempests dread,
And reach its haven as the hallowed dead.
Just in our acts, we may devoid of care
Pass through life's passage, nor the future fear
Propitious is the wind, the sails they fill—
Unloosened to the breeze; the captain's skill,
As roam his eyes aloft, does not espy
A rope misplaced, nor yet a fault descry.

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The sailors mount the ratline — man the yards —
Though the wind blusters fear each heart discards.

In such a ship as this I crossed the sea,
Columbia named — that name 's to liberty
Throughout the world, as it will ever be,
The truthful emblem of philanthropy!
Philanthropy such as no nation e'er
Before extended with a parent's care;
As if the oppressed of ev'ry foreign shore
Her children were, whose woes the mother bore
In part as hers; for as the pelican
Doth feed her young, her breast is bared to man.

Man is mankind, of but one family;
The earth his country, that should e'er be free
For all to roam o'er; no dividing line,
Miscalled a country, should his rights confine.
No varied creed should e'er his mind annoy,
As but one heaven can mankind enjoy:
By creed alone we ne'er shall bliss acquire,
Unless with truth. As empyrean fire
Illumes the world, will truthful action save
Mankind from evil, e'en beyond the grave.

But to our emigrants; 't is now twilight,
And darker grows "my native land good-night!"
Though sad the sorrows of our native land,
None leave it but they leave regrets behind.
Though sad its woes, cast down by many a care,
We love it still, and drop the parting tear.

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My "native land, good-night!"—I love thee still!
I love thee in thy sorrows—ever will.
England! I love thee as my native land;
Thy sons, my brothers, e'er my love command:
But though I love thee, I thy rulers hate—
Abhor thy union of the church and state;
Thy rank detest, as vile or evil thing—
As impious view thy right divine of king;
Detest those laws which as impurity
Oppress and crush men in their poverty;
And e'en the right of suffrage does deny,
To foist vile rank in future progeny.
Such wrongs abolished, would thy griefs remove,
And hatred then no longer cloud my love.

Night spreads her veil of darkness o'er the deep,
And watchful tars the midnight vigils keep;
Our tired emigrants, pond'ring on the past,
Seek the embrace of Morpheus' arms at last;
They slumbering dream of home's endearing scenes,
While with sweet hope Columbia intervenes.
As the bright star doth oft the traveller guide,
Home and America their thoughts divide
While they so dream. I 'll e'en my own describe—
Of hope for Britain's masses; diatribe
Permits me so to do, though strange indeed it seem:
May its hereafter just as brightly gleam.

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THE DREAM.

I dreamed that, as I slept, before mine eyes
Appeared a mist, from which ascended cries
Of hungered pangs of want, and shrieks of wo,
That shook the mist, which, waving to and fro,
Quickly dispersed, as if by magic wand,
Revealing to my sight my native land!
In mute astonishment I then beheld
Vast numbers praying in a barren field,
In tones of abject language for relief
Unto their rulers, who had caused their grief.
I heard them cry aloud, "We starve for bread!"
I saw among them corpses of the dead:
I shrank aghast at each succeeding cry,
And startled much to see proud Royalty,
In all its gilded trappings, skirt the field,
As if it mocked the miseries revealed.
"*Vengeance is mine!*" so saith our heavenly Lord—
Who smiteth shall be smitten with the sword!

Again the mist concealed all from my view,
And shouts of freedom struck my ears anew,
Rending the mist in twain. How glad my gaze
To see the mass erect, while they in praise
Of freedom sang—and this was the refrain:
"The people now enjoy their own again!"
While in the distance, as a spectre lean,
Or fading meteor, Royalty was seen;
The plain, no longer arid, teemed with grain,
And rang with pæans of harmonious strain.

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Ethereal skies then shed their heavenly grace,
Reflecting pleasure in each happy face,
While from an azure cloud, as lambent form,
The goddess Liberty my sight did charm
With graceful action—did extend her hand,
From which was floating the fraternal band
Of virtuous brotherhood, as gleam of light,
Than which is naught more pleasing to the sight.
And then I saw come sailing from afar—
Its course illumined by many a star—
The cherished Eagle of Columbia's land;
And in his beak he held another band,
On which was written, "Enter Freedom's gates,
And join in friendship the United States!"
(°) I saw the goddess, radiant with bliss,
Entwine the bands. Oh, may they yet do this!

Again the scene, as scenes of nature e'er
Give place to change, became as ambient air.
In musing mood, my heart with hope beat free
For England! Erin! Poland! Hungary!—
Thus, then, I dwell in hope of the last three.

"Erin ma vourneen, first gem of the sea,"
Though sorrow shrouds thee, may thy future be
As vale of Avoca, the home of repose—
Bright prism-hued bliss take the place of thy woes.

With thee, O Poland!—brave Hungary, too—
I share thy sorrows, take part in thy wo;
Still 'mid the mist of grief, or dew of tears,
I view the glory of thy future years.

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What though the heel of harsh, despotic rule
Doth now thy hearthstones crush, each monarch's stool
Shall yet repentance be: for thy brave deeds
Done on the battle-fields shall be as seeds
Of rare and beauteous flowers, whose fragrant bloom
Doth ever cheer man, e'en in sterile home;
As still small voice of conscience, they shall e'er
Whisper, "Blest Freedom fatherland shall cheer!"
So shall thy sons incited, never rest
As despot-slave or wretch by wrong oppressed;
But, nerved anew by the remembrance, strike
Bravely for freedom. Prosper each alike!
In such fond hope Columbia bids thee cheer;
In thy success, Columbia's sons will share:
(2) Kossuth, thy son, they welcome to this land—
The land of Washington extends its hand!

Our emigrants are dreaming: they shall sleep
While I relate the perils of the deep;
How sickness, fire, and storm, by turns attend
To fill life's bitter cup—its voyage end.

THE STORM.

Though fair the morn, as entrance into life
Of cherub-child is met with smiles, nor strife
Occurs to mar the epoch, yet its vale
Ills may environ: so a storm or gale
May veil the closing day with tempest dire,
And thunder beat the air 'mid lightning's fire.
Oft then the ship, which left her port in trim,
With fav'ring wind, the seas can barely swim;

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Though straining cordage and her rending sails
Protract the struggle, Fate at last prevails:
One vivid flash the forest mainmast rends,
Which parts her, midships; thus the voyage ends.
Vainly the shrieks of wo and cries for aid
Pierce the dread gloom of ocean's deadly shade;
Vainly some struggle in the boiling surge—
Soon life 's unheard, save sea-mew as their dirge!

THE SHIP-FEVER.

Oft dread Disease stalks o'er the hapless bark,
Whose fated victims feed the greedy shark:
The ocean's ghoul, like vampire of the earth,
Who gain extorts amid a nation's dearth;
(3) As venal lawyer, wanting conscience, tries
To prove crime guiltless, and that truths are lies;
Such Mercury worship, gloat on wo or wrong—
They share the product, to one tribe belong.
Sad, piteous scenes, heart-rending to the mind,
Occur where scores are to one deck confined;
Where all are witness to the work of Death—
Its fetid air inhaling at each breath:
As that a much-loved wife and mother dear,
Struck by disease, sought the Almighty's care,
E'en then Affection could not, would not part
With the loved form engraven on the heart;
In the sad hope her tomb would mem'ry cheer,
(4) With care preserved the form that love held dear.
Sad are such scenes, enough to quail e'en they
Who'd seek the New World, sad at home to stay;

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(5) But no privations dire can daunt the hope
Of 'scape from thraldom with which few can cope
Save those whom fortune favors, or the wretch
Who to it panders, Tyranny's "Jack Ketch."
From such a subject, painful to digest,
We turn with rapture to the mighty West—
Where, as the garden of humanity,
Blooms the loved flower of fraternity,
Whose fruits are kindred happiness and peace,
Far 'yond the days of ancient Rome or Greece.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Though to the lips presented, as I ween,
The cup of bliss has oft untasted been:
So with the ship that 'scapes Æolus' ire,
In sight of port may meet her fate by fire.
It painful is to lengthen out a tale
With scenes of sorrow which our hearts bewail;
But, as the darker colors shade the light,
Such scenes reveal in truth poor human plight:
Thus within sight of port have hearts beat time
To hope arrived at; while in joyful chime
They've cried, "We see the shore—O happy day!
Hail, land of Freedom, blest America!"

Upon the deck in varied groups they stand,
Or sit, or lounge, as they the scenery grand
With wistful hours devour—dilate upon
The nearing shore, while ever and anon
The captain's asked, "Where are we?"—'nough to tire
The party questioned. Lo! a cry of "Fire!"

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Breaks on the ear: the word no sooner spoke,
Than quick ascends a volume of black smoke,
Which rapid changes into living flame,
While 'mid the din is heard th' endearing name
Of father, mother, wife, son, or daughter,
Who maddening shun the flames and seek the water.
Thus hope forsakes them, and they seek to flee
As 't were one death, another death's to be.
([6]) Horror of horrors breaks upon the view!
Oh, for an EXMOUTH to direct the crew,
Or gallant JEROME! ocean-monarch he
Should be entitled of th' Atlantic sea.

Brief is the struggle, as the burning boat—
The flames advancing—sinks, no more to float!
Thus oft in life, the mind, absorbed in grief,
Seeks in the darkness of the tomb relief:
But then, alas! as with the sinking boat,
Whose whirl engulfs e'en those who round her float
Within its reach, so suicidal acts—
Sad wo extends (its melancholy facts). ([7])

All are not lost: some live to tell the tale
Of loss of friends they shall through life bewail.
See! the fond father grasps his drowning child,
While in his face dismay and horror wild
Portray his anguish. But what is't he sees,
That floats toward him, wafted by the breeze?
([8]) It is—O God!—it is the sacred bier
That holds the form of her he loved so dear;
She, the fond wife and mother (guided by
As 't were her spirit) comes as sanctuary.

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It nears him, and the living child is placed
On the cold breast which it in life caressed;
The father, swimming, guides it to the shore,
Thus, life and death conjoined, their child restore.
Oh! blest affection, link of human souls,
E'en life and death thy sympathy controls.

We now will change the scene, as sunshine e'er
Spreads gladness o'er the land, and dry the tear
That pity sheds o'er sorrow. So we 'll skip
As zephyr light, and join our happy ship,
Yes, happy ship! for those who in her sail
'Scape all dread perils, painful to detail.

Aurora's beams light up the eastern waves —
In view, leviathan, who sportive laves
His cumbrous form, and spouts amid a school
Of porpoises, as "master of a school."
Six bells upon the ear as strangely chime
As the discordant sound of broken rhyme,
Awak'ning those, who late had slept on earth,
To life at sea — reclining in a berth.
Some rise, while others, filled with horrid qualms,
To ease their ailment have recourse to balms;
Some vent ejaculations 'mid dire throes,
'Mong which they oft a love of home disclose;
The strong and robust wait upon the weak,
And cook for breakfast, chop, perchance a steak;
With curious confab at the galley fire,
Which, if repeated, ears polite might tire,
The sable doctor, versed in making scouse,

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And other mysteries of a ship's cook-house,
Kindly assists, so that he may be able
T' have breakfast ready for the cabin-table.

The scenes I paint from do not wealth portray—
Its actors use not the companion-way—
But unto them may hope such wealth presage,
Though now they occupy a ship's steerage.
This I 'll assert—the tendrils of our kind
Twine round the hearts of such. Full well I mind
How once at sea upon a foggy morn,
A schooner hailed us; soon her boat was borne
Upon the waves, when near our vessels head
(9) The boat's crew loudly cried, "*We 're out of bread!*"

Nature refreshed, they then on deck repair,
Th' expanse of ocean view—they breathe the air
Of nature, freed from harsh, despotic rule—
Joyous as schoolboys just let out of school—
As all men freed from tyranny must feel,
Having at heart their own and fellows weal,
Beneath the stripéd flag whose starry folds
He who loves freedom with delight beholds.
Their spirits buoyant as the passing billows,
Home seems forgotten; and the weeping-willows
Of parting friendship, as a cloudless sky—
The storm having passed—permits the earth to dry.

To while the dull monotony at sea,
They read, play chequers—as the case may be;
Play chequers, read, or hand at cards—what then?
Why read, play chequers, hand at cards again?

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With favoring winds, each blissful morn awakes,
Whose cheering influence each with joy partakes;
Aid in those duties which relate and chime
To health and comfort. Thus they pass the time
In kindred action, as the kindly breeze
Affects them all, while passing o'er the seas.
Would that the seas of life, were thickly strewn
With love's bright flowers; that their seeds were sown
By all who linger in this vale of tears,
So that they might e'er bloom in after years;
For then the path of life indeed would be
As pleasure-voyage o'er a calm blue sea.

The voyage now is ending; straining eyes
Peer for the land of human liberties.

"Land ho!" a seaman at the mast-head cries,
"Land ho!" on deck is echoed 'mid loud sighs;
For sighs betoken pleasures well as pain,
As past and present fill the mind though twain.
The home we seek, the home we leave behind,
As *one*, engross the feelings of the mind!

Hail, happy shore of halcyon liberty!
Hail, land of Washington — the brave and free!
Hail, land of promise to th' oppressed and poor,
Whose myriads seek the shelter of thy shore!

They see thy land-heights as I saw them, when
The sun shone brightly. 'T was a morn in May,
The balmy air seemed perfumed, and the clouds

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With brilliant hues as canopy above
Did the grand scene enliven and illume.

Ah! none can tell th' emotions, saving those
Who leaving home behind, have sought thy shores,
Which throb, and find a vent in grateful prayer,
While e'en the tear-drops course adown the cheeks
Of stalwart men, as if dear nature's ties
Of early life had but recurred again:
As that the long-lost child had newly-found
Its parent dear. Why should it not be so?
Though memory dwells upon our native shore,
We love the land whose mantle wraps us o'er.

Well I remember, as I stood among
My fellow-passengers, my mind thus sung
Its tribute in thy praise, America!

AN ODE ADDRESSED TO THE AMERICAN NATION.

Thou sun among the nations of the earth!
Whose starry flag embellishes the seas;
Thou land that unto Washington gave birth!
Bright land of promise, labors meed and ease:
With overflowing heart and truthful tongue,
America, I greet thee!

No scribe e'er wrote upon a holier theme,
No painter e'er portrayed a brighter scene,
Nor poet in his mind's inspired dream
Image the lustre of thy rule serene.

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Thou *glorious* land, whose tome of history tells
Of gallant action in thy early days;
When thy brave sons loud chimed liberty's bells,
O'er earth to echo e'er deserving praise:

Hail, to thy matrons, who such gems bequeathed,
A priceless legacy, to none confined,
In grateful tones their names shall e'er be breathed,
As Sparta's mothers blessed by all mankind!

Thy patriot fathers, unto memory dear,
Whose deeds of virtue bloom as social flowers
Whose rich perfume shall mankind ever cheer,
Till Freedom's altar o'er the wide world towers!

Home to the oppressed! Thou human pelican
Baring the bosom of thy wide-spread shore
To feed and nurture suffering fellow-man—
As if his woes you as a mother bore:—

Oh! may thy radiant flag increase its stars—
Its stripes of brotherhood o'er earth extend—
So that in union nations cease foul wars,
Thus o'er the world man be to man a friend!
With overflowing heart and truthful tongue,
America, I greet thee!

Bay of New York! as Mercy's angel thou—
The beams of Ceres glisten on thy brow;
(10) Thy swanlike bosom heaves its crested waves,
To Union faithful as the shore it laves;
Thy sunny hills are bright with freedom's rays:
Each vale redundant, grateful tribute pays;

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Thy neat abodes display both wealth and taste—
Where all is beauty, naught can be displaced:
Though bards have sung the bay of Naples' praise,
Gateway of Freedom! *thou* deserv'st the bays.

No pious pilgrim e'er on Mecca gazed
With warmer feelings, nor by hope more raised,
Than do our emigrants—as 'York's tall spires
Loom in the distance, which, as beacon-fires
That patriot hearts have gladdened, mark the spot
Where Freedom reigns, and Thraldom dwelleth not!

The ship is moored. Farewell, my gallant bark!
Adieu thy captain, mate and crew.—But hark!
Above the hum of voices on the shore,
There loudly chimes the music of the poor:
'T is "Home, sweet home," bids start the silent tear;
The chord is touched which memory holdeth dear;
The heavens absorb such dew-drops ere they fall—
The heart's fond tribute, duly paid by all.
Ne'er should the pomp of power, or vainer pride (11)
Of wealth, the music of the poor deride,
For whom no operatic corps combine
To charm the senses, as foretaste divine!
Yet may th' untutored ear with rapture dwell
On "hurdy-gurdy" or "street-organ's" swell,
Or shrill Pandean pipes, or trumpet's tone,
Or shriller bagpipes chorussed with "Och hone!"
Often the class who toil with penury sore,
Are blithely cheered with music of the poor;
While little children dancing Nature's gait,
Delighted beg a penny for the plate!

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Pleased beyond measure, lisping voices sing
In babbling tones as gushes mountain-spring—
The minstrel follow, as he leaves each door,
Their Orpheus being—music of the poor!
Though rude in tone, by voice untuneful sung,
Nor JENNY LIND cadences are unstrung—
Whose pearls of charity gleam o'er the mind,
As light, th' unseen, is present to the blind.
Like plaintive ballad melting on the ear,
The heart impressed doth in its sorrow share.
"Home, home, sweet home," whate'er that home has been,
Life's early flower, its leaves are ever green.

Benevolence, religion of the just!
Without thy charity, 't were but a jest.
With thee all men are of one kith and kin—
Crime a misfortune, poverty no sin;
True to the duties which man owes to man,
Pities his errors, aids him if it can.

Benevolence—America—the same
In application are. Enduring fame
Is thine, America. As vestal shrine,
The lustre of thy deeds will ever shine.

CHRIST spake by parables, and numbers fed
With a few fishes, and as little bread:
Columbia, as the Savior of mankind,
With her do masses food in plenty find.
Though small her store at first, with food for few—
As numbers thronged, it fast and faster grew:

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As Israel fed with manna from above,
She gives to all who seek her aid and love.

Though sweet the home, the home we leave behind,
Sweet the new home that aids poor human kind—
Which not alone receives with open arms
Expatriate sons, but soothes with gen'rous balms
([12]) Their need or ailments, as they step ashore:
By it assured, they 'll feel gaunt want no more.

I' the limpid lake, whose bosom quiet rests,
A stone, cast in, forms ripples on its breast,
That soon diverge upon the wat'ry blue—
So do our emigrants varied routes pursue:
Each seeks a spot congenial to his mind,
As lake becalmed, to peacefulness resigned.
([13]) Thus, those who seek the prairies of the West,
Or woodland wilds, where man is nature blest,
In palace-steamboats quickly speed their way
Up mighty rivers, by both night and day;
Their eyes with wonder on the mountains pore,
Whose towering heights as guardians line the shore.
America! such emblems sure foretell
Eternal echoes to foul Thraldom's knell;
That o'er the world thy flag ere long shall be
Man's only banner sailing o'er each sea.

Thus settle down our emigrants: for e'er
Released from tyranny, and the dread fear
Of future want, days pass with pleasures rife.—
So I 'll portray the charms of Western Life.

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NOTES TO THE EMIGRANT.

(1) *I saw the goddess, radiant with bliss,*
Entwine the bands. O may they yet do this!

Firmly believing in the destiny of this nation, and that destiny to be the regeneration of man by self-government in all civilized countries, as promulgated by the prosperous and peaceable United States in the glorious continuation of its Union, and just and virtuous example of its equitable rule, the future union of the masses of this country with those of Great Britain has long been one of the cherished hopes of my existence, and one which I trust I may yet live to see realized.

I do not think I can better convey my ideas upon this subject than by giving, in ample detail, an Address delivered by me in New York during the late insurrection in Ireland. Though that event was certainly unfortunate in its termination, it was nevertheless a step in aid of the oppressed of that isle, inasmuch as it directed and compelled due attention on the part of the home government to the distressed condition of its subjects, and gave rise to measures in some degree ameliorating.

Address *to the People of the United States, and to the Masses of Foreign Countries in general. By* George Rogers. *Delivered at the Society Library, New York, June* 8, 1848.

I am indeed flattered that so numerous a body of my fellow-citizens should do me the honor of appearing at my solicitation, to listen to the remarks embodied in an address to my fellow-men. If, in my feeble efforts to point out a mode that may possibly tend to benefit them, even in a small degree, it will amply repay me for the time bestowed on its attention.

I have no doubt but that there are some persons who may under-

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take to impugn my motives. I would remark, in anticipation, that all men are desirous in a degree of doing the same. The motive is, a love of our kind. It must be the *quo animo* of social feeling, that secret sympathetic action of the heart, which loathes to die and separate itself from humanity. No man desires to live alone in a desert, for the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on man, is solitary confinement. I then, in common with all men, desire my fellow-men to receive all the benefits they can properly arrive at, and at least, those precious birthrights that appertain to them by nature and from nature's God.

Then it is not surprising, nor should it invite calumny, that I have thought proper to put forth a germ that may become a tree of larger growth. Blessed with ample independence from the exercise of my industry, in this happy country, and having, by a residence of years under a monarchy, been eyewitness and partaker of its errors and its wrongs, what is more natural? Should I not be indeed a Timon, an ingrate to my adopted country, if I did not desire, by even more than mere quiescent feeling, to advance her glory, and to see such happiness extended throughout the world.

The method I propose to be adopted to this end, is, I must admit, startling from its novelty; and a few months since, the bare assertion that such a state of things could be arrived at, would have been quite untenable. But the times have changed, are still changing, and the prospect of such a measure being fully carried out, does not admit, in my mind, of doubt; it merely requires consideration, and corresponding action.

Periods in the ages of nations occur, when the most wonderful changes for general benefit may be advantageously arrived at, whereas, if the golden opportunity is allowed to pass by, it sinks into the abyss of time and becomes lost to the world for ever.

Your fellow-man, an Englishman by birth, an American by adoption, a lover of liberty and a Republican from principle, makes bold to address you, from a desire to see that principle extend its happy influence, as well as from a strong hope that the ideas he puts forth may be properly construed in their course, and tend to heal those unnatural dissensions of national feeling that have too long existed, blasting by their effect, the happiness, prosperity, and welfare of the multitude, and thus by resorting to such measures of humane and faithful application, the future happiness of the whole human family of the various nations of the earth, may be more fully anticipated.

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Republicanism is the doctrine of the day! Fraternization the democracy of humanity, and Freedom the proper attribute of man!

The Creator ordained, and nature teaches man, that everything was intended for his general use, comfort, blessing, and happiness. It is only man the tyrant, who, with perverted heart, feelings, and selfish imaginations, has set at defiance, the decree of the one, or the action of the other. Oh! man is the only living being that preys upon the happiness of his fellows, and though we might make every allowance, or excuse, by sophistical argument, that in a state of ignorance, such things should possibly occur; yet who could uphold such action, or who would not, readily if possible, throw forth a deep shadow, on such conduct, emanating from an educated class, or advanced state of reason in man's passage. For the life of man is but a passage on the highway of eternity. Oh! that the dark and I would say, blotted pages of humanity's history—yes, pages blotted with human blood, giving forth from their recitals proofs of acute pains, dreadful sufferings, and ignominious punishments for virtuous acts (not crimes), were for ever expunged, and sent like a messenger of Icarus to realms unknown, never to be mentioned.

In looking back upon the past history of man, it is hardly necessary to give quotations of its beneficial course of action, or its reverses of utility, otherwise than as prominent occurrences, or extraordinary acts of wisdom, may be made available.

The majority of nations at this day, thanks to an overruling Power, need but to be shown the landmarks of human happiness, to be instructed that these are co-existent with freedom, and that with skilful pilots they can bring the precious vessels safely into port.

There is no reason why I should not raise my individual voice in endeavoring to arrive at its partial fulfilment. Every ripple adds to the wave, and if all men would add each their ripple, the ocean of humanity would be perfect in its waves, and then indeed would the sea of Life be broadly democratic, and mankind mingle together in perfect harmony.

The world has been blindly leading itself, that is humanity has, which is its intellectual portion. An improper arrangement of mankind has first given birth to erroneous doctrines, and the perpetuation of such rule, has increased such errors till they have become, as it were, a portion of the human mind.

The scales I trust are about to fall from the eyes of man—the age of reason is approaching; such error shall cease, or I will carry my

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error, if the world deem it such, with me to the grave. Love of, or rather loyalty to kingly government, the result of artifice on the part of regal and despotic governments, to aid and perpetuate their unhallowed rule, has given rise to the false idea of love of native land, and nations can not fraternize till ideas so grossly idolatrous have evaporated from the minds of men. Can I find words to express my disgust of such unchristian doctrine, that you must love the land or piece of earth to which chance led your parent at your birth? And suppose you were born at sea, what then, are you to love the broad ocean — perhaps I can not advance a more appropriate reference in support of the glorious practice of Democracy.

Disunion has ever been the bane of society, leaving open to the crafty despots of the human race, weak points of attack, as well as giving invitation to their assaults.

Fellow-men, I have a few remarks to make in relation to Monarchy and its appliances. At this day, it is certainly proper to assert that monarchy not only owes its origin to a barbarous age, but is also a *relic* of barbarism, for I trust that even its relics, will soon depart from the association of mankind.

We can well admit, perhaps, its expediency in those darker ages of man, and that it was even proper that the few intelligent and learned should rule the masses, who were then, comparatively, in a state of ignorance. But man loves power so dearly, and wealth and power so poison the mind, that the craving to extend its domination, is ever practised, as has been the case with monarchy, which by its grasping ambition, losing sight of prudence, prepares, and precipitates its own downfall.

Thus we have seen the cunning of intrigue and diplomacy of kingcraft, calling forth to its assistance, every act in its power, by measures of control over the masses, an unnatural array of aristocracy, and its concomitant gradations of rank, leaving but poverty and degradation to the people; the religion of Christ perverted to its advantage, the priesthood controlling the minds by a baneful influence—upholding the divine right of kings, subverting their freedom, and adding to their sorrows, by their exorbitant demands and luxurious mode of living.

We have seen the creation of immense armies, professedly for the protection of the nation from foreign aggression. Yes, we have seen that dubious arm of protection but too often turned against the people who support them, crushing their aspirations for freedom, and adding slaughter and bloodshed to the foothold of oppression. And again, we

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have seen in the dismemberment of nations and their array under various princes, or self-created potentates, over their fellow-men, kingdom after kingdom, added to the list of living tyrannies, by which men or bodies of men as nations, have been divided, kept aloof from each other, and taught under that cunningly-contrived artifice, to look upon each other as inferiors, as enemies, all free interchange of thought and sentiment prevented, the mind as well as the body enchained, and none but a limited sphere of action for either. And what has not the world lost in consequence of such an inharmonious state of society of God's children? Yes, indeed, what has the world not lost by such action? Talent and Genius, like the hoarded wealth of the miser, have often been but as a canker-worm to the heart, inutile, from its want of proper application, as the jewel in the unexplored mine, or like the budding flower, crushed under the ruthless hoof of the quadruped, compelled to wither in its incipiency, both its beauty and its fragrance.

Man proposes but God disposes; and I see in the present course of events, its great truth. Still it is left for man in his wisdom to make those just and proper arrangements, which, if consistent with a sense of right and justice to his fellow-man, will leave little doubt of their lasting tendency. I think I perceive every probability of rapid advancement in the happiness of mankind, throughout the world; and it may well behoove all men to ponder at the present time, not only on the propriety of changes, but such as shall create a lasting and beneficial influence on the whole of mankind throughout the globe.

The friends of monarchy assert that because Republics have in former periods been unstable, they can never successfully last a lengthened period of time. The futility of that argument is becoming apparent. We are as a nation daily strengthening the truth of democracy. It is a system so faithfully balancing each individual interest, leaving equally open, place, honor, and profit to all, that it seems idle to assert a people can not be true to themselves, just as if a whole nation could be capable of a suicidal act.

And again, the masses of any nation, at any former period of time, were never so liberally or so well educated as are ours, and education is our safeguard. Knowledge is power, and the higher the advance of the mind the stronger its aspirations for freedom, and the greater the truth, to the mind, that democracy and freedom are the proper attributes of man.

It is hardly necessary for me to advert to so notorious a fact as that the greatest minds that have ever existed, have been the firm advocates

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of these principles, and immense indeed, is the gratitude due to their memories by all future generations.

Their memories, as the incense of rare flowers,
Refresh the mind and strengthen freedom's powers.

It is a positive truth, that the advancement of republican principles throughout Europe, is owing first, to the march of mind, or diffusion of knowledge by education, and again to the successful application of its practice in these United States.

The futility of monarchical governments, as tending to the happiness of a people, is so well understood as to render but slight remark necessary. In the first place, without a full representation, all classes can not be faithfully governed. Is it not entirely Utopian to suppose that the wealthy, or aristocratic Lordlings of Monarchy, can either understand what are the necessary wants, or have a proper sympathy with a people. They advantage themselves by keeping the people in a state of poverty, as well as ignorance, though surely it is the duty of a government to foresee in its wisdom, as well as provide for all evils under which the people exist. For where the people are not fully represented, on what else have they to place reliance? and is not that government recreant to its trust when it fails in its duty of either preventing evils of magnitude or providing fully for their results? Such a government should cease to exist, as it virtually does, from the absence of the fulfilment of its proper duties.

In the late dreadful famine in Ireland, the question is not how much did the British government appropriate for her necessities, or what measures she created in her behalf. The proper question is, did she do her duty? did she do all she could, all she ought to have done? I answer, no! She did not; and that answer with its proof should ever be held up to the gaze of the world, a moral lesson, to all present and future governments. I answer then, my own question, no. She did not. Not while she had ample means, beyond what she gave; with her valuable crown lands, her untold wealth, her jewels, her guarded palaces of splendor, her unlimited public credit. No, she did not her duty, while she could raise by any and every means in her power, even to her last shilling, sufficient to assuage the sufferings of her sister subjects, from whom for centuries she had drawn her supplies of food, its hardy laborers, and brave spirits to recruit her exhausted armies, and marine. Ah! indeed, the horrible sufferings of her starved, stalwart sons, her weaker daughters, and helpless infancy, cry aloud in tones of the unstrung harpistry of human sorrow, a sad memorial of

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the inefficiency of a monarchical form of government in aid of the calamity of a portion of the population of a nation.

In a republic, this could not possibly occur; the proper arrangement of society, its fraternal bond, the necessity of each measure of legislation, being just and impartial. The proper and equal appropriation of funds for the several improvements necessary to advance the general interests of the community, would have prevented the spectacle of one part of the population of a country from presenting so antagonistic a situation of wealth and poverty as is shown in the disparity of the population of England and Ireland. The fault has arisen from the malfeasance of government, and the want of correct representation. Give them that, and they can correct their own evils, as they are the best judges of what is required.

There are many who disbelieve and even deny the possibility of a change of government in Great Britain. It is decreed! It is not only tottering, but about to fall. This is the age of reason, and the might of right. The men of Great Britain and Ireland, of this generation, will not, *dare not* leave their posterity the chains their fathers wore. They will not! I am happy in that belief; for, though I disown the false doctrine of love of native land, I love my countrymen, I love liberty, I love my fellow-man: and I thank God I live in this age, for it is indeed glorious to live and see man rising in his manhood, and attaining to his proper position.

We have had our Washington, France has her Lamartine, you shall have yours, and each nation pulsating for liberty shall have theirs; and we will, yes, the children of the world will bless the hallowed memories of them all.

But this is not all: though in support of the propriety of uniting together, does not the whole world not only know but express its admiration at the unity of Irishmen and Englishmen in this country? Do we hate one another here? No! I say, as I have said before: "Brother Irishmen, I feel for your sorrows; I regret your wrongs, and I should glory in their removal." Then shall Irishmen be less magnanimous than Englishmen (though to be sure they have been ill-treated by the British government)? But the masses in England are not the government. They groan alike under its baneful effects. It is the system of monarchy that has been to them and other nations the maëlstrom of human happiness, the simoom of their prosperity, and the upas-tree of life!

Then the removal of monarchy from the British isles must not

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be hastily passed over. It will, if carried into effect, tend to hasten the regeneration of the world, and carry out the doctrine that the destiny of the United States is the regeneration of man, by self-government, throughout the globe. The measure I now propose is the next greatly-important means toward its fulfilment, and the present state of affairs warrants its accomplishment; and if not taken advantage of when the period arrives, which I think is rapidly approaching, the opportunity may never again occur.

Then I propose that the masses of England and Ireland, having fraternized, they should seek to become annexed to the United States. Nay, start not at this idea. I will leave the simple proposition while I fortify its propriety, and exhibit its many advantages. In the first place, I say to Englishmen and Irishmen, are not a great portion of your people already annexed to the United States by blood, by relationship? Do we not speak the same language? Do we not show a close affinity in the scale of intelligence, and do not our interests truly demand such a union? Your masses could manufacture for us — ours would grow food for yours. Our ingenious citizens and men of opulence would devise measures of trade and occupation for your starving and overgrown population: our vast territory, like our hearts, is open to receive you. You are aware of our sympathy, and you know our worth; and would it not be a grand, a splendid holocaust to the principles of Liberty — the mother, and sister, and daughter, among nations, embracing each other firmly and for ever in the bonds of fraternity, under the glorious banner of the stripes and the stars? Future generations would bless the union, for it would not only keep together the greatness (in point of commercial dealing) and national wealth of Great Britain and Ireland, but it would advance the cause of freedom throughout Europe.

I feel assured that the people of the United States, who have never yet withheld the hand of sympathy in aid of the misfortunes of their fellow-men of less-favored climes, will not resist such an appeal, but gladly hail so glorious an opportunity to not alone extend the blessings of our Union in a political sense, but to unite more firmly than ever the bonds of kindred already in existence between the three nations. And what can be more natural than such a desire? Who is there among us, but represents, either in his own person, or that of his ancestry, one or other of the nations of Europe? And shall we not, as the fond children of kind parents, be desirous of reciprocating to

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those countries (as it were of our birth), as far as in our power lies, the blessings under which we live?

The pinions of our Eagle are daily extending in their growth; and why should they not in time reach across even the broad Atlantic, affording protection and o'ershadowing for ever the sorrows and misrule of other lands?

Setting aside the powerful appeals of Christian doctrine, or even the proper and natural exercise of humane and benevolent action of man toward his fellow-man, I shall use in addition the powerful argument of self-interest, which invariably tends, when other promptings fail, to bind alike society, or man to man. Our forefathers burst asunder the bonds of connection with Great Britain, to resist the might of aggression — and it was their interest so to act; and shall not that interest lead us now to reunite, and shed a hallowed sympathy over, as well as remove the sorrows and misfortunes of, our kindred and sister nations?

The fraternization of nations would then be carried out, and our democratic practice evidence to the world that such an alliance would prevent every aggression of tyranny over the rights of man for the future; as the power we should wield, under such a union, would be so immense, that the concentration of all the powers of all nations could not again raise an arm to stifle the voice of Freedom. Now, if my fellow-men of England and Ireland take this subject into consideration, there will possibly be no necessity for bloodshed in the overthrow or change of government.

Again, what would be the position of England and Ireland disunited as republics, ever jealously regarding each other, and adding but strength to past enmities — and Ireland but a ready bait to the ambition of other great powers in their loosened bonds of national strength? Professing a love of fraternity, mock not truth! But in casting aside the unnatural bond of union under a monarchy, replace it with republican union. Your combined action has ever added laurels to the glory of the British empire: surpass by acts of wisdom all former achievements! Recollect that the path I point out is one of holy and righteous acquirement — the extension of the liberties of your fellow-men. Ever first in advance of the nations of Europe, cast not aside, by one false step, your future united happiness — your future glory and imperishable renown!

So simple, so just, so natural in its application, is the self-rule of republicanism, that we may see in the future, if you take the initiatory,

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the extension of the union of the states to all nations. And why not — only first removing the rule of monarchy? Men of all climes, of all nations, of all creeds, and of every profession, live happily in this country, harmoniously blending, and forming one grand *tableau vivant* of the children of the world, and the same application of its principles can be carried out in the annexation of other countries. Then may I say of my adopted land —

> Nations shall seek thy fraternizing hand,
> Till all the world shall be but as a band
> Of brethren, linked in Friendship's tight embrace —
> And blessed freedom cover earth's broad space.

Then, oh for those halcyon days when man shall need no passport of nationality in his pilgrimage through the world; when the waves of the ocean shall lave but the shores of Freedom — the sun's ray illume not a spot of earth unblessed by Liberty; and when the gentle moon and brilliant stars shall shed their light over but one people, the fraternized children of God, the citizens of the world!

(2) KOSSUTH, *thy son — they welcome to this land —*

THE invitation extended on the part of our government to KOSSUTH and others, together with the arrangements for their passage hither, under the protection of the flag of the Union, is an appropriate rebuke to the despots of Europe. "Rats avoid a falling house," and these despots may yet be compelled to seek a refuge in the very temple of Liberty whose just and natural principles they have desecrated. Generous America! the folds of thy garment of protection are without a seam.

(3) *As venal lawyer, wanting conscience, tries*
To prove crime guiltless, and that truths are lies.

IT is passing strange how very many arrangements for the benefit of humanity, or furtherance of the ends of justice, have become prostituted, through the agency of evil and designing men, to the entire defeat of the beneficial measures for which they were instituted!

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(4) *With care preserved the form that love held dear.*

See Note 8.

(5) *But no privations dire can daunt the hope*
Of 'scape from thraldom with which few can cope.

An Irishman, named Michael Dooley, smuggled a passage from Liverpool to Boston in the ship North Carolina, which arrived last week. He was obliged to take up his berth on some old sails during the long passage. When the ship arrived at quarantine, Dooley was taken from his quarters, literally covered with filth, and both feet and legs frozen up to his knees! Mortification took place, and the poor wretch submitted to the amputation of both his legs.

N. Y. Sunday Atlas, Jan. 5, 1851.

(6) *Horror of horrors breaks upon the view,*
O for an Exmouth to direct the crew!

A Hero.—The following extract of a letter written by the distinguished naval officer, Lord Exmouth, and published in the United Service Journal, very forcibly illustrates his benevolent disposition:

"Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the Dutton, Susan? Lady Exmouth and I were driving to a dinner party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe; and learning it was a wreck, I left the carriage to take her on, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred was inevitable without some one to direct them, for the last officer was pulled ashore as I reached the surf.

"I urged the officers to return, but they refused; upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board, established order, and did not leave her until every one was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe to land and so did he, and the ship went all to pieces. But I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mainmast, which had fallen toward the shore; and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter his majesty's intention to dub me a baronet. No more have I to say except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant only three weeks old, than ever I felt in my life, and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me

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with the bantling was a scene I can not describe—nor need you: and consequently you will never let this be visible."

We are informed that the injunction just referred to was scrupulously regarded till death removed all necessity for secrecy.

The recent gallant action of Jerome in saving the passengers of the ship Ocean Monarch, I do not deem necessary to detail presuming all to be familiar with the circumstances.

(7) *Sad woe extends—its melancholy facts.*

DESPAIR.

When all our hopes of future joys have fled—
The past been as a road bestrewn with thorns,
On which the mind has anguished, and the head
And heart are racked with grief, and Sorrow mourns
In vain for succor—what for you or I,
In such a case, is left us, but to die!

But to die by our own hands! What mind can in cool reflection but revolt at such an act? Base, wicked, and cowardly suicide! I can but in charity say, with the author of "Lacon"—"No man ever committed self-murder unless while in a state of derangement." It surely can not be possible that any sane person (and how many men of giant minds have so died!) can be so lost to a hope of the future—to a sense of duty or of love and respect for those they leave behind—as to deliberately, in the sober sense of manhood, commit an act that shall anguish the hearts of those loved ones; which, torturing as a slow poison, rankles and festers their happiness through life! These are the melancholy facts connected with suicide.

(8) *It is—O God!—it is the sacred bier*
That holds the form of her he loved so dear.

For the above I drew upon the following incident connected with the explosion and burning of the steamer Anthony Wayne, on Lake Erie, in April, 1851. I consider it one of the most affecting incidents that has ever happened:—

"The case of Mr. Archer Brackney is of thrilling interest. He was on his way from Lafayette, Indiana, to Philadelphia, with the remains

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of his wife and child recently deceased. Both of the corpses were enclosed in one box. When the explosion took place, he succeeded in dragging his two living children from their rooms, and with them plunged into the water. After swimming round for a short time, he came in contact with the box containing his wife and child. Upon this he succeeded for some time in keeping himself and children from drowning, although every wave would roll his frail support and plunge them in the water, until at last his little boy, two years old, was drowned in his arms. After becoming satisfied that his boy was dead, he reluctantly parted with the body, and turned his attention to the rescue of the remaining child, who was clinging round his neck, crying, 'Papa, we shall drown!' He finally succeeded in gaining the floating part of the wreck with his little daughter, and both were saved."

(9) *The boat's crew loudly cried, "We're out of bread!"*

On a foggy morn on the Atlantic, some years ago, a vessel from Liverpool, when near St. George's bank, was hailed, as above, by a schooner, thirty-four days out of Bermuda, for Halifax. It was highly creditable to see with what avidity the steerage passengers contributed provisions to their relief. Our captain—noble fellow he—gave a cask of bread. They, in return, brought a few jars of pickles and tamarinds, and a speedy finale to their voyage was drunk that night in many a tumbler of tamarind-punch. Certainly an agreeable mixture! Reader, have you ever tried it?

(10) *Thy swanlike bosom heaves its crested waves,*
To Union faithful as the shore it laves.

The attachment of New York to the Union she has ever held to be paramount to all other duties.

(11) *Ne'er should the pomp of power or vainer pride*
Of wealth the music of the poor deride.

THE MUSIC OF THE POOR.

I recollect, in boyhood's time, how at my father's door
The Savoyard would stop and chime—the music of the poor;
'T is true our home was coarse and plain, of poverty the core,
Yet oft was sweetened by that strain—the music of the poor.

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I recollect that "Home, sweet home" chimed sweetly at our door,
Nor little thought I then should roam, as since, the wide world o'er;
Italia's skies I've lived beneath, acquired worldly store,
Plucked leaflets from Fame's laurelled wreath, yet recollect when poor

I've mixed in circles high and grand, arranged with skill and lore;
In thought reviewed my native land, and lingered on her shore;
Her glories then have been my pride — have caused my heart to soar —
Such memory sweet could not deride the music of the poor.

But Europe's lands I've left behind, returned to home once more;
I greet as 't were an olden friend — the music of the poor.
It gives me pain to hear some talk: they, too, may have been poor —
That soon they'll thrust from daily walk the music of the poor!

Take from the rich who've much to give — take concert, play, or ball;
But from the poor, who barely live, oh ne'er take aught at all;
But rather take a well-filled purse, and add to each small store,
Nor make their situation worse because they are the poor!

April 15, 1851.

(12) *Their need or ailments as they step ashore.*

PAST history records the grandeur and achievements of nations — the conquests of an ALEXANDER as well as the victories of a BONAPARTE; but its future page will be illustrated with the true character af a nation's glory, which consists in universal happiness and equality.

Columbia! thou *almoner of nations* — it was left for you to portray, in the lustre of midday truth, the benevolence of an entire people.

The laws in relation to the emigrant are upon the most humane and liberal scale. First, in relation to the arrangement for the transportation of himself and family. This is in proportion to the tonnage of the vessels. Secondly, that upon their arrival at the port of New York, the vessels are boarded by a health-officer, whose duty it is to have the sick conveyed to the proper hospital, where aid and medical skill of the first order are immediately called into action. Those so poor and weakly as to be incapable of immediate labor, and who would be an improper spectacle of misery to the public, are sent to the poor-houses of the city, where contumely awaits them not, but in truth the kindness of the good Samaritan. Thirdly, those in good health and

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robust in frame, though needy, are kindly sent by the commissioners of emigration to sections of the country where their labor is in demand. I have been an eyewitness to many painful scenes of newly-arrived groups of emigrants — "men cast out, as things of little worth," from the land enriched by their labor. Such scenes, however tearful to behold, rapidly give place to the reflection that, in the future, want will be to them a stranger.

(13) *Thus, those who seek the prairies of the West,*
Or woodland wilds, where man is nature blest.

I WAS much interested in a conversation I held lately with an old settler residing fifty miles west of St. Louis. He described the section of the country in which he lived as follows: "Nature," said he, "does almost everything for us. The character of the soil is such, that upon being once broken by a team of oxen, to use my own phrase, as I often say, 'it may be ploughed ever after by a cat,' requiring but little labor to produce the most plenteous crops. As for manure, the land will not be worn out in five hundred years. My family consists of eleven persons. Two or three weeks of labor in the spring, in putting in the crops, and about the same period in the fall for their gathering, suffices to support us all; leaving me the remainder of my time for mechanical pursuits, study, or amusement. Game of various kinds is abundant; noble streams thread the prairie; while fine oak-openings, as dry-land isles, vary its surface — the occasional homesteads appearing to the view as ships upon the sea.

"The floral beauties of the prairie (as vividly-colored shells that adorn the lips of ocean) I can not possibly in appropriate language describe, save that Nature seems to have arrayed herself in varied flowery shapes, of the richest hues and sweetest-scented odors, as if to invite mankind to partake of the luxuriant repose she has so generously prepared for their enjoyment.

"The climate is genial, and the winters barely wintry, so that our cattle remain unhoused throughout the year. The swine we mark in the spring, and turn them into the woods, better cared for by Nature than we could do for them; and in the fall we collect them together for marketing and other purposes We can get to St. Louis and back in a day, meanwhile transacting business in the city. On our route to town we frequently meet with neighbors, when one may say to

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another: 'Friend, I see you have plenty of corn; and I have plenty of hogs, but am short of corn to fat with.' The other will reply — 'Send your wagons down,' which is done by the former, who takes as much as he desires, without count; and when pig-killing time is come, sends what he considers a fair equivalent. In fact," added my informant, "many of our transactions are *done* in the like manner." On inquiring the cause to which he attributed this fine state of society, he replied: "To tell the truth, our population is mostly composed of enterprising and industrious men; and were you to see the neatness of our homesteads, our churches, schoolhouses, roads, and fences, you would say, 'These people must of necessity be prosperous and happy, consequently united; for without unanimity in a community, general happiness can not exist.'"

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A. B. Durand. E. Walker N.Y. John Mc Rae

"Is pure religion calms our latter days"

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PART III.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

Hail, rural life! thou dost possess the charm
To smoothe life's passage. Thou 'rt as nature's balm
That to the mind contentment e'er conveys,
As pure religion calms our later days.
Hail, rural life! I sing with heartfelt praise
Thy rustic cottage, 'mid the shade of bays
Or ornate linden, with its graceful flowers.
Ah me! what blissful and begilded hours
May yet be mine, in the decline of years—
Afar removed from city life and cares,
Which, as a rust, doth oft pervert the sense—
In its place leaving cant or false pretence;
Or as a blight that kills the ripening fruit,
Taints with corruption, rend'ring Virtue mute.
How oft its pleasures sheathe the poisoned barb!
E'en Vice puts on her most seductive garb;
Where self-gain only in man's bosom burns,
Each human heart on its own axis turns:
Thus some seem ever upon evil turning,
As "Nero fiddled while old Rome was burning"—
Though to all rules exceptions do belong,
For some less selfish seek to aid the throng.

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Some think bliss can not be from gold apart:
Strange its possession ofttimes chills the heart!
The selfish heart is ne'er with plenty blest—
On other objects ever seems in quest.
In such pursuit, alas! how many find
Too late the treasure which they leave behind!
Humanity is as a diamond-mine:
Few minds are great, while others fainter shine
For all possess the spark of light within—
Gems wanting lustre, as man stained with sin:
But there are minds as purest brilliants bright,
And naught can dim the lustre of their light.—

So with thee, rural life!—each rising morn
Gilds with its brightness pleasing toil at dawn;
Thy leaves enwreathe us 'mid our daily cares,
Whose shade umbrageous our household shares:
Atween the limbs, bright Sol, as friendship warm,
Reminds us of our duties; nor to harm
Our fellow-mortals—but (that as its rays
Do pleasure all) in peace to pass our days.
Guided by sentiment and feeling kind
E'er to soothe sorrow—ne'er to virtue blind. (1)

Shrill clarion's throat proclaims th' approach of morn,
As low the herd e'er at the rising dawn;
While feathered warblers pipe their tuneful lays,
And busy bees pursue industry's ways.
As lifts the morn its vapory mists aloft,
We ope the door and lattice: breezes soft,
Perfumed by Flora's bouquet, sweep within—

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'T is Nature's greeting! good morn's origin.
We freely breathe the air, which, as first blush
Of life into the lungs of babe doth rush,
Giving life liberty, the "pearl sans prix,"
Without which life is as the scathéd tree;
But blest with liberty, the mind aspires
T' attain the summit of its high desires.

Too true, alas! that lust accursed of wealth
In crowded cities poisons public health;
For narrow-minded men too oft confine
The poor in tenements "dark as the mine"—
Such not inaptly termed "a living tomb,"
Whence reek foul odors. Hence the city's gloom,
Seen as we near its limits; and the skies
Of heaven are stained by such enormities!

Freedom is as the daylight to the earth,
That ushers floral Nature into birth:
Through life its charm doth e'er possess a power
On man beyond—a Danæ's golden shower.
With it all things are ever seeming bright
As hope to youth, or as the signal-light
That to the weary seamen shines afar—
Else 'mid the darkness known not where they are.
The tow'ring hills, the spacious vales, proclaim
An earthly freedom.—Liberty, blest name!
The plants that give forth seeds, the flowers that bloom,
The trees that bear rich fruits, the wild bee's home
Amid the forest-glade, the purling stream
Where the fish gambol as they gayly swim;

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The pure azure, the heavens overhead,
Where birds in graceful whirl their pinions spread;
The sun that shines by day, the moon by night,
And twinkling stars that lend their brilliant light—
All, all, on earth, in air, or in the sea,
Are attributes of thee, blest Liberty!

Hail, rural life! where man his welfare owes
To his Creator, all he reaps or sows;
Who, justly dealing unto all mankind,
Gives unto him who seeking, seeks to find,
Ample reward for all his toil and cares,
And which the good e'er with the poor man shares—
Mindful that he but lends unto the Lord,
His mind content with Heaven's just award.
Hail, rural life! where deeds of crime and wrong
Are seldom tempted, seldom do belong;
Where tales of misery and scenes of pain
Sear not the heart, or rack the tender brain.
Sweet Nature, smiling in her bright array,
Lengthens the pleasure of each busy day;
Yes, virtuous pleasure—for no schemes of wealth,
By which to rob our neighbors as by stealth,
Disturb the sense, the health to undermine,
Which naught restores—not e'en a golden mine.
Hail, rural life! "Unto the manor born"
Is man by Nature. As the stout hawthorn
Defies th' effect of heat and winter's cold,
Nature's pure air retards our growing old:
In rural life how many charms we find—
Health, peace, and virtue—happiness combined!

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We now resume the theme with morning prayer —
First proper duty, in which all should share.
Great God of nature! wondrous are thy ways,
And blest the man who ever truly prays! —
For no bad thought or action ever can
Degrade the mind or life of such a man!
I hate a bigot — caring not for creeds —
Loving the man whose truths are shown by deeds;
Whate'er his creed, whose acts of kindness prove
It fills his mind with pure and holy love.
Creeds are but shadows of religion when
Men heed them not! — as dash is naught of pen.
By earnest prayer we may the heart incline
Always to truth, as culture trains the vine.
Prayer, like reflection to the human mind,
E'er strengthens virtue and the love of kind.

As at the frugal meal each takes his seat,
A blessing 's asked upon the bread they eat;
And though e'en clad in coarse or russet brown,
They 've better health than half the folks in town.
For though no luxuries bestrew the board,
Nor gold or silver e'er have they to hoard,
Yet, should a weary trav'ller pass the door,
Or outcast wand'rer, sad, in misery poor,
Quick does the cupboard yield a little more;
Soon is the stranger fed, though small the store.
Time is well spent in soothing pain or care,
That grief disrobes of but a single tear.

And as when filled, he rises to depart,
With grateful thanks the promptings of his heart,

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Which though attired in frail coverings,
May be as truthful as a mighty king's.
Poverty is not shame, nor sorrow crime,
To soothe and pity either is sublime;
And those who daily labor on a farm
Are ever found with milk of kindness warm
The open face of nature glads their eyes,
Like to a human heart without disguise.
No mammon-temples daily cross *their* sight,
To poison sympathy, or virtue blight:
Crime is not tempted by the glitt'ring gold
Of crowded cities, where 't is bought and sold;
Where sacrilege no longer ranks 'mong crimes —
Churches are sold, and dead are moved betimes.
(2) Buildings, as tow'ring heights obscure the sun,
Whose genial rays should gladden ev'ry one.
Thus dank and noxious vapors slime the cells,
Or basement caverns, where the poor man dwells.
Bright arch of heaven! beneath thy skies azure,
(3) Misers shut out thy lustre from the poor!
Thus are diseases spawned, that upas-like
Deal death around to rich and poor alike,
In such case justice — type of godlike mind —
Adjusts her scales, as lesson to mankind.
So oft base villains, by their schemes of fraud,
Dig their own pitfalls, meet their due reward.
When place is paid for, peculation vile,
By covert fraud, repays the cunning wile;
So laws for lucre passed — whene'er enforced,
Freedom is trammelled, and mankind coerced.
Thus justice, by the laws perverted course,

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Is as a sinuous stream. The greatest curse
Of all communities, is too much law,
For where 'tis simple, who can find a flaw?
But as the fisherman his nets doth spread,
The lawyers have the laws; the wisest head
Is his who e'er abstains from city life,
Where crime and vice and miseries are rife.

The breakfast o'er another prayer is given,
And thanks repay the gen'rous gifts of heaven;
While they their hands and eyes to heaven raise,
Each grateful heart accords its rightful praise.
Thy crime, Ingratitude! is seldom found
In peaceful scenes of nature to abound;
For the mind e'er amid its beauties seems
Itself to purify—as pebbly streams.
In rural life, the scenes of nature tend
To make us love our neighbor as a friend;
And e'en th' assistant brutes command our care,
Whose drudgery lends to happiness its share.
As they depart with Tom, the fields to plough,
Does Sarah, pail in hand, to milk the cow,
Whose healthful beverage (beyond e'en wine)
Doth health and strength with temperance combine.
The faithful dog lies basking in the sun—
Through night the guardian, feels his duty done.
Quick at our call the poultry gather round—
The hand that feeds them used unto the sound.
The ducks and geese swim in the shady pool;
The little children sidle off to school;
The snow-fleeced pet lamb, with its plaintive "Ba!"

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Raven or magpie, with its "Ha! ha! ha!"—
All, all denote a happy phase of life:
Each is a pleasure far removed from strife,
Nor marred by evils which do appertain
To cities, where the aim of life is gain.

The noontide meal prepared, the winding horn
Recalls to home the reapers from the corn,
Or plough, or harrow—as may chance to be
The time of year for either of the three.
The cattle placed to rest within the glade,
In comfort feed, and cool beneath the shade
Of widely-spreading oak or stately beech—
The purling brook at hand within their reach:
For ever mindful of the faithful beast
Is the good man, with kindness in his breast.
Then Tom and Sam, or Bill, or George, or Joe,
The horn resounding, to their dinner go;
With appetite they enter—labor's meed—
Anti-dyspeptic. Not as gourmands feed,
But plain and simple fare forms their repast;
And, ere 't is tasted, is a blessing asked.
Children of nature view things as they seem—
Wearing no veil, veil not their thoughts—as dream
Is ever noiseless, without speech: but they
Give their minds utterance; audibly they pray
Ere they receive, which having so received,
Return their thanks; thus are their minds relieved.
Treasures, as happiness, oft disappear
If not well guarded; and the bitter tear
Caused by repentance comes, alas! too late:

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The consolation then is, that 't was fate!
Fate is but chance! they who on it rely,
Will meet with *both*, just as perchance they die.
But Fate will ne'er console the man who fails
His proper duties to fulfil. Sad tales
Ring in my ears of woes brought upon those
Who neither virtue nor religion chose.
O blest Religion! Virtue's anchor-sheet,
Food to the soul as to the body's meat:
Man's truest guide—the passion's firm control—
Without thee man is not a perfect whole;
For pure religion is benevolence—
As truth, as virtue, 't is of mind the sense.

Past is the hour of rest. Again the field
Is traversed: else its golden grain doth yield,
Or new-mown hay is turned, or luscious fruit
Is gathered; nor doth "tithing" feed dispute—
Which ("For the laborer's worthy of his hire")
Industry robs of what it doth acquire.
Happy this land, where, freed from taxes vile,
Man worships as he pleases; nor, the while,
Is forced a church to aid, his conscience says
Is not the true one, nor to which he prays!

The dews of eve fall fast. 'T is time to fold
Or litter down the cattle, if the cold
Of winter draws apace; for much depends
On the care given to our *farming* friends.
Thus the day's labors close at eventide,
And supper-time is come. So, side by side,

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Again they sit—again a blessing ask:
Thus ends throughout the year their daily task.
Again returning thanks, the eve they spend
With kindly neighbors; or, mayhap, a friend
Drops in to tell the news—perhaps to say,
"Has neighbor need of corn, or oats, or hay?"
But ne'er an evening closes till is read
The valued Book—then prayers—and then to bed.

Industry courts repose: throughout the night
Unbroken slumbers nerve the frame aright.

Such social scenes as these adorn the West,
Such open unto all of such in quest.
Columbia, land of WASHINGTON the blest!
May discord ne'er of such thy land divest—
May peace triumphant reign within thy breast!
Should traitor seek to rend thy peaceful vail,
As scorpion ringed may he his fate bewail
In tone so loud, that e'er through all the land
Its echoes shall be heard!—to warn mankind
The fate decreed to those who, Judas-like,
Betray in secret, when they dare not strike!

Blest ark of Freedom! this my earnest prayer:
Mayst thou through time prove mankind's *sanctuaire.*

G. R.

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NOTES TO LIFE IN THE WEST.

(1) *E'er to soothe sorrow — ne'er to virtue blind.*

I've deeply drank of Sorrow's bitter cup,
So that to future pain my heart is dead!
Still in my breast a pang for others rests,
And my eye moistens oft o'er tales of wo,
Though seared my mind to grief.

'T is he alone whom sad misfortune sore
Has hardly pressed, can poise its leaden weight;
As weather-beaten, oft-wrecked mariner
Can mark the chart forewarning rocks and shoals.
Would that the lessons sad Experience gives
Of Life's rough path, could teach all men to smoothe
The highway of mankind!

(2) *Buildings, as towering heights, obscure the sun.*

Measures affecting the health and convenience of the residents of a city, are of paramount importance. "Get from between me and the sun!" was the exclamation of Diogenes to Alexander. Such language might well be used at the present day, by the less-wealthy citizen, to him who for self-gain rears edifices of bricks and mortar, which, o'ertopping the angle of light, preclude the rays of the sun from cheering his neighbor "'cross the way." Does the possession of wealth imply the privileged right of injuriously affecting the health of citizens generally? To my mind, the altitude of buildings should be in accordance with the width of the streets; for after heavy rains, in warm seasons, the sun being excluded, and partial ventilation only permitted, the basements of buildings, as well as the streets, remain damp, and emit noxious exhalations, from which naturally arise malignant fevers,

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that at times sweep off large portions of our population. Again, lots or portions of ground should be appropriated by law to the occupancy of but a certain number of persons, and in all cases a sufficiency of area for yard-room, the only surety for good ventilation. Calamity consequent upon crowded domicils, ships, &c., has by numerous examples warned all of the necessity of providing, by just and conservative legislation, for the health of the body politic; and which, together with due consideration for the comfort of the less fortunate of a city's population, should actuate us in devising and carrying out every measure tending in the least degree to so desirable a result.

Further, the immense structures erected by the cupidity of man in all the principal cities of the world, add greatly, in the event of a fire, to extend the conflagration; and where the streets are narrow, a fire, when once fairly under way, can not be arrested in its progress by ordinary measures. The immense surface of heat presented to surrounding objects, like the orb of light, affects all things within the radii of its circumference.

(3) *Misers shut out thy lustre from the poor.*

Gold! thou glittering bauble to the pride of man! How unaccountable a fact is it that thou numberest so many votaries! The wretch who hoards, that he may gloat over thee, can have no excuse, save that of a total absence of sensibility. How unlike the wealthy patron of the arts, whose stately mansion evidences the scientific skill of the architect! the bibliopolist, whose splendidly-bound tomes betoken the research of cultivated intellect! the connoisseur, in whose gallery are portrayed the beauties of nature with the refinement of art! Even the splendidly-decked *distingué* of the fashionable world, together with the voluptuary, are lovers of their kind, whose hearts yearn toward their fellow-man! But what character can we find to mate with the sordid wretch, the depraved, cold-hearted miser, who, vampire-like, gloats o'er his wealth as 't were a victim — his eyes alone should dwell upon and blight what he should bless! *El Dorado*, the gilded one! I envy not the sordid their wealth. I pine not for gold; yet should I like to have the power to bestow it with a liberal hand, wherewith to gild the weary hours and many wants of the poverty-stricken children of the world.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON,

CROWNED BY

"EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, AND LIBERTY."

A DEMOCRATIC POEM,

DEDICATED UNTO YOUTH.

BY GEORGE ROGERS.

Notices of the Press.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, CROWNED BY LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY: a democratic poem, in five cantos, dedicated unto youth. By George Rogers. We have read this singular and perfectly original poem, with unusual care and avidity, from the fact that it belongs to a class of literature that is not often attempted.

Mr. Rogers, its author, is a democrat, in the enlarged and most comprehensive sense of the term, and has struggled hard and successfully to imbue the minds of his readers with democratic principles. He writes gracefully and easily; and many of his flights may be ranked with the loftiest aspirations of the more eminent bards. Poetry and political economy are not always found congenial spirits; but, it must be confessed that Mr. Rogers has been far more successful than most of his predecessors, in concocting a political poem.—*Sunday Atlas.*

The poem contains many excellent and patriotic sentiments, fluently and rather carelessly versified. The author has chosen the same stanza as "Dermot M'Morrogh," written by one of the finest scholars in the western hemisphere; and, to say the truth, we think it as good a poem as that.—*Evening Post.*

This is the first poem ever written on Washington by an Englishman, although the Father of his Country has many warm admirers in England. It is a work of 166 pages, handsomely printed, and written in an easy-flowing style, creditable to the good feelings as well as the ability of the author.—*Noah's Sunday Times.*

The object of the author seems to be to inculcate the great maxim that republicanism is a blessing and monarchy a curse. The author is an Englishman by birth, as he says himself, reared within the pestiferous atmosphere of royalty. We have not space to make as many extracts as we should like to give, to illustrate the vast range of ideas which he crowds into five cantos. We take a verse or two at random, &c., &c.—*The People.*

This appears to be a neat poem from the pen of the author, abounding with many gems, and suited in a great measure to the taste and spirit of the age. It is a neat octavo volume, embellished with a well-executed portrait of Washington the immortal Father of his Country. Want of time has prevented us from perusing this work with the attention it requires, but we make room for the following selections, &c.—*Truth-Teller.*

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